Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Mee they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſſe by, & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us ſir?

Samp. Is the law on our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Samp. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter* Benvolió.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. Yon lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy ſwaſhing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your ſwords, you know not what you doe.

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What? art thou drawne among theſe heartleſſe hindes?
Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy ſword,
Or mannage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee Coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partiſans.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partiſans, ſtrike, beat them downe,
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*: hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteele.
Will they not heare? what hoe, you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines,
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partiſans in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets againe,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.